

# Sunday Advertiser

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## GETTING TOURISTS.

The joint tourist committee will soon be met by a question of policy—whether to do its work among tourists on the coast and thereby incur the ill will of California promoters and hotel-keepers or do it in the East and bring tourists en-route to Hawaii, taking the chances that they will yield to California solicitation and stop off there, going no further.

To seek tourists who have come more than half way already is a tempting recourse. A certain proportion of them are always disappointed in the Golden State. They have come there with their own dreams of the semi-tropics, of winter surf-bathing and street muslins, only to find that California has frosts and cutting winds, that the January sea bathing is a fairy tale and that furs are a comfort in the afternoon and evening. Such tourists are susceptible to the charms of the real tropics; they might easily be induced, unless deterred by scare-head stories of disease, to exchange the congealed glories of a California winter for the June warmth and sunshine of the Hawaiian season.

But mark the qualifying phrase. If the effort is made, every California boomer, every hotel man and railroad man and every boarding-house keeper even, will begin to abuse Hawaii. The changes will be rung on leprosy—a disease many people who have lived here all their lives never saw; and upon anything and everything else which may occur to an envious mind; and the worse the tale is the further the California press will circulate it. Possibly our people could get tourists in spite of these influences and possibly not; that is a thing for the joint committee to consider.

Should the hard work be done back East among tourists who are making up their minds where to go, the danger of friction with California would be lessened, though not wholly escaped. At any rate there would be the chance to sell through tickets as a means of heading off the Coast side-tracker; and if care were taken to route the tourists via San Francisco instead of Southern California where most of the man-traps are set, it seems likely that Hawaii would get about all that it had earned. Certainly people who have come West for a warm winter climate would not care to stay long in San Francisco. A whiff or two of the fog-laden air which comes through the Golden Gate by day and of the frost-bitten ozone that descends from the high peaks by night, would send them hurrying to the steamer which promises to drift them into paradise on an even keel.

The launching of a Turkish cruiser at the Philadelphia yards recalls a curious tale of Ottoman diplomacy. Some years ago when the United States was pressing Turkey for indemnity claimed by Roberts College, an American school in that country, the Porte agreed to let America build the Sultan a cruiser at a price large enough to cover the College bill. This was the Turk's way of "saving his face." He would pay an extra \$100,000 or so for the warship and the builders could turn the surplus over to the Government to be paid to the claimants. Just what the Porte wants of another cruiser remains to be seen. All the old ones are rotting at their wharves, Turkey not being a nation of naval tastes or ambition.

The wind wrecked the Salvation Army's tent last night as it did a year or more ago the Central Union Gospel tent on Fort street near Hotel. Trade winds make sport of canvas unless it is securely anchored behind some protecting building. It almost seems as if a large wooden pavilion for religious and political meetings, fairs and the like has become a necessity now that the Drill Shed is unavailable and tents precarious.

The development of Aala park now promised, will remove one great cause of aversion to pleasure driving or electric car airings out that way. It will be a "beauty for ashes" almost literally, and no doubt the creation of a handsome playground in that locality will have a reflex influence of value upon the surrounding habitations.

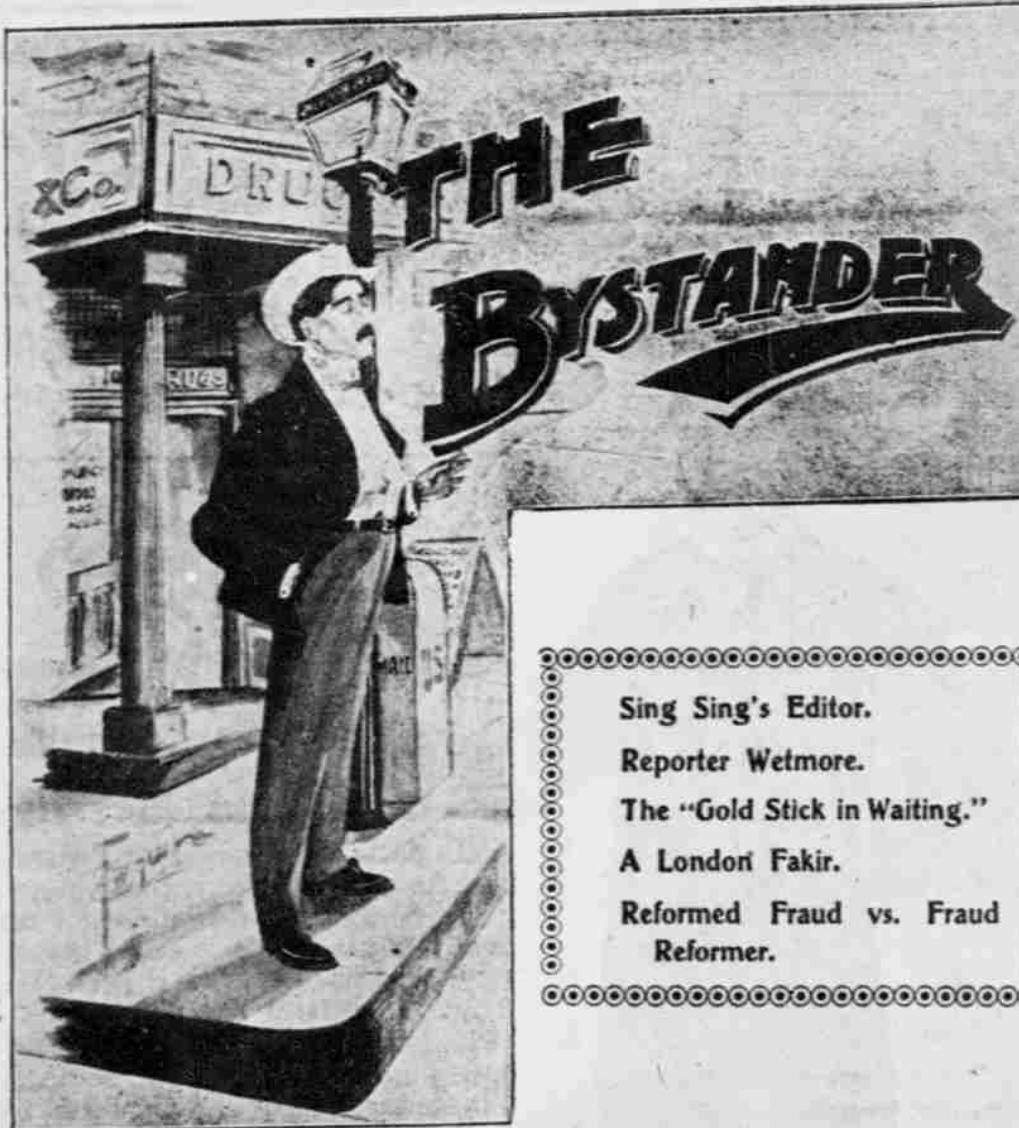
With the educational authorities introducing university instructors such as Prof. Rebec, of Michigan, and the agricultural authorities bringing in experts in various lines, for setting our schools and our industrial interests upon modern tracks, the Territory of Hawaii ought not to retrograde in either intelligence or prosperity.

When tourists who come to Hawaii are well taken care of, they will come again or send substitutes. This part of the business, which is now being taken up in good earnest, will make the advertising part worth more than has ever been possible before.

The Servian Ministry is now getting out an official history of the revolution which will doubtless show that the King and Queen lost their lives while making a night attack on the Servian army.

Mr. Sumner says he is afraid to open his mouth. The old gentleman need not mind that. What he should do now is to keep his mouth open and his pocket book shut.

In Greece the death penalty is said to be often pronounced, but the difficulty of obtaining executioners was for a long time almost insuperable, says a letter from Athens in a London print. It was at last surmounted by giving to a murderer the choice between his own death or acceptance of the office of permanent executioner. The man lives alone in an old tower built by Venetians on an islet outside the port of Nauplia, where necessities are taken to him every morning by the boatman, who is careful to exchange no word with him. Twice a year a steamship calls for him and his instruments of death, and he leaves upon a tour of executions.



Sing Sing's Editor.

Reporter Wetmore.

The "Gold Stick in Waiting."

A London Fakir.

Reformed Fraud vs. Fraud Reformer.

Last Saturday the Advertiser had a reference to Julian D. Hayne which sent my memory back into old grooves. I saw Hayne the day he landed on this beach—a handsome, well-poised fellow, with the aplomb of the born adventurer. It did not take him long to ingratiate himself with the best people. About a fortnight after he landed, the late J. B. Atherton said in my hearing: "You should have been at the Social Science Club last evening. We had a new man there—Julian D. Hayne—a bright fellow."

Julian made friends with the newspaper writers of that day, saying he was one himself and had written the score of "The Isle of Champagne." Frank Hoogs, then editor of the Paradise, didn't believe him and sent for the sheet music, upon which, as Hoogs suspected, the name of Hayne did not appear. When this fact came out Hayne made some excuse—said he had collaborated with a man who gave him all the work and took all the honors—and sought sympathy among the Royalists, saying he was being persecuted by the "missionaries." The native element took to him as to a kindred spirit and his subsequent career in these islands was one of uninterrupted libel upon the American colony. How he married a rich and confiding widow, robbed and deserted her and finally rounded off his career in a New York penitentiary has already been told. It is not generally known, however, that he is now editor of the Sing Sing Star of Hope.

Another adventurer, though not so dangerous a one, was a Chicago reporter named Wetmore. He was here twice and the manner of his leaving the first time makes a story of sharp practice worth the telling. After Wetmore had been in town a couple of months he had piled up debts far beyond his ability to pay, and in an effort to go without a settlement had learned that his passport would be stopped. It was then he began to strive for the good graces of Admiral Skerrett, who was in port with the Mohican or some other old wooden ship. Wetmore was a good chess player and the Admiral liked nothing better than the royal game. The newspaper man went aboard every evening until two or three days before the Mariposa was to leave, when he told the Admiral that he had been ordered by his paper to go to Port Townsend, there to join a vessel which was bound north to inspect the seal rookeries. It had been an open secret that the Mohican was going to Port Townsend, so what more natural than that the Admiral should ask his chess-playing friend to come along. Wetmore cheerfully agreed and on the morning the warship sailed he went aboard with his baggage. As soon as the authorities heard of it, policemen hurried out with writs and the Custom House men demanded that Wetmore obey the passport regulations. But American naval ships were not subject to Hawaiian laws and the Admiral told Wetmore to make himself at home while the sentries warned the policemen off the ship. When the Mohican sailed Wetmore stood at the stern, leaning at the majesty of Hawaiian law. When he reached Port Townsend he went to San Francisco to get a job.

Julius W. Palmer is my third reminiscence. He was not an adventurer but a freak. I recall him as a dapper little man with smooth gold-plated buttons on his pea jacket. He came here representing the Boston Transcript and New York Evening Post, and on his way across the continent he had their headings pasted on cardboard as signs and hung from his upper berth he, meanwhile, operating his typewriter under them with a great show of industry. On shipboard his signs were hung from the cabin door. Arriving here he took a cottage about where the hotel entrance to the Alexander Young building now is, and sent out postal cards announcing that he, as representative of the Boston Transcript and New York Evening Post, had put in both telephones, giving the numbers, and would respond at any time, day or night, to invitations to hear the news. It wasn't long before Palmer turned into a humble worshiper of native royalty. He could not see a yellow wreath on a Kanaka without scenting a prince and wanting to kiss the individual's hand. Finally the Queen noticed him and his joy was complete. By much bowing and scraping Palmer almost got curvature of the spine, and he said "Your Majesty," so often in the course of the day that whenever he had to say plain "Mister" he rinsed out his mouth with cologne. As for his correspondence it read like the letters of a Tory to English newspapers during the progress of the revolutionary war. It was full of "Gracious Majesty" and "miserable ruffians;" and fairly trickled with Bostonese adulation for the woman who lost her throne because she tried to destroy the Constitution.

Finally the Queen made Julius her Gold Stick in Waiting. When she went to Washington on her annual winter pilgrimage, Julius trotted along, the sole white man in a dusky suite. It was a proud day for the Caucasian when he was seen to back out of the aboriginal Presence, bending low and whispering, with his cultivated lisp, "At your pleasure, Your Majesty." Anything the former alii wanted this white man ran to fetch; and I imagine it partly reconciled her to her fate to have a full-blooded Anglo-Saxon—one who had even commanded a ship under the American flag—acting as a willing and unpaid errand boy whenever she wanted a bottle of toothpowder or two pounds of steak.

Honolulu has always been the rendezvous of queer people. Very many strangers who come here looking for something to do have a past which, if described in print, would make each particular hair of the reader's head stand on end like quills upon the fretful porcupine. I used to know a respected merchant here—he is dead now—who, years before, had run the largest clothing repair house in London. His principal trade was in cleaning and pressing high grade garments. Finding himself with 20,000 suits in hand he had a firm of packers come into his place one night and box up the whole stock. The next morning his place was closed and the stolen goods were being put on a steamer which took them to Philadelphia, where the wily operator opened a fire sale. With the proceeds of this venture in his pocket he changed his name and came to Honolulu where he opened a store in another line which he kept until he died. Imagine his consternation when I, an old London customer, walked in on him and called him by his right name.

E. S. Gill said to me once, "I see several men around here whom I know to have served time in the West, and they all seem to be doing well. Many of them have turned over a new leaf. Of course I won't tell who they are but I know them well enough." Yes, there's many such; but any one of them is to be preferred to the pious frauds who come here so often on a pulpit collection tour. Honolulu has had a surfeit of these and the good Lord deliver it from any more.

Lord Curzon works fourteen hours a day. He starts in the early morning, works till 1:30—or lunch time—he gives an hour and a half to the numerous guests he has, then he works again till dinner time; at 10:30 he leaves his dinner guests, goes to his study and remains there until 2 o'clock in the morning. He seldom spends more than an hour and a half in the open air each day. And he works at this high pressure wherever he may be—on board a steamer, in a railway or when resting at one of his temporary dwellings during his tours.

## INTERNATIONAL SPIES

The military spy in time of peace is busier than the diplomat. Each country has its own peculiar sphere of interest to which it devotes its greatest attention. Great Britain has so many that, properly speaking, it has none. But India is always alarmed as to Russia; and agents—British and native—of the India department are very busy seeking particulars likely to be of service in defending an empire which already, in the military sense, extends from Aden to Hong Kong.

Most of the Indian agents in Russia are officers of the Indian army, but needless to state, they do not travel as such. Some affect to be tourists of an innocent but inquiring turn of mind; some go as commercial travelers; some lean to religious propaganda; while others collect curiosities.

These agents have been so energetic and so prolific in their disguises that in the south of Russia the bona fide commercial traveler excites suspicion. The Russians now insist upon all "commercial" being licensed and taxed; moreover, the intelligence department has found the orders for goods obtained by its travelers somewhat embarrassing.

As a buying agent, the spy has also worked well. No Briton can now go across the Caspian to purchase skins any more than to sell hardware, or even just to amuse himself, without his letters being opened and the company he keeps carefully noted.

Elsewhere than in Central Asia the inquisitive foreigner is likely to be detained as a suspect if found near a dockyard, arsenal, fortress, masked battery or military undertaking of any kind. The real tourist may excite suspicion, and no doubt many of the people arrested are innocent, but occasionally a spy is captured, and usually, of course, is liberated after inquiries.

Foreign consuls are apt to be much more energetic, emphatic and positive when a government agent is taken than they are when the innocence of the parties held is so apparent that it needs no proof.

In ordinary circumstances, when the spy is known, he thereby becomes innocuous, and he knows it. If discovered, the impolite Russian way is to forbid him to enter the country or to declare he comes from a plague-infested port, or that he is a Roman Catholic or Jew.

The polite way is to offer him a guard, or helpmate, or companion. The spy is then shown what he must see, and as soon as he has seen and reported the various military dispositions are changed so that the information he obtains is worse than useless, being actually misleading.

The polite British way is to take the recognized spy round the golf links, or give him pegs of whisky and tell him soft stories as he sits on a stool enjoying (?) interminable regimental cricket then to send or take him home a happy, talkative man with nothing to tell.

That is what happens when a Russian vessel calls at Perim "for water," or Russian officers show themselves curious as to the forts at Aden.

Many are the dodges resorted to by British agents in order to avoid being "spoofed" by their Russian hosts. Their common way is to hunt in couples, each independent of the other, so that if one is taken the other may still succeed in getting through with the work. This plan has other advantages.

The Eastern races make adept spies. Russia's agents, when out of uniform, betray their calling by being so well informed, which is unusual in Russia, but it takes a clever, educated man to detect them, and there are few such among the class of people the agents frequent in the East, for they pretend to be merchants, veterinary surgeons, peddlers, and even vagrants.

In the far East in the matter of espionage, Japan has the game almost entirely to itself. A Japanese can readily become so good an imitation of the Chinaman, Manchurian or Mongol that the Russian can not identify him, and the Chinaman who does will certainly not denounce him.

He can simulate ignorance, almost imbecility—which the Russian spy is too vain to do—and as merchant, artisan, or interpreter he can go everywhere. Then there are the women! The Japanese anah, apparently stupid and ignorant as a German gooseherd, is really as competent as the average spy in taking notice of things that matter.

What a Japanese does not know of the Russian military dispositions in Manchuria is not worth knowing, and this knowledge, like all careful espionage, makes for peace, not war. Had the British methods of espionage been better there had been no war in South Africa in 1899. Since that date they have improved considerably, but have yet much to learn.

## HARDING DAVIS AND DOOLEY

Probably the best-groomed men in the New York literary set are Richard Harding Davis and Peter Finley Dunne, the latter especially since his entree into the matrimonial ranks. The above is, perhaps the only point of resemblance between the two stars who have never traveled in the same orbit with any degree of enthusiasm. There is a tacit feud between the author of Gallagher and the author of Dooley and it dates back to an argument about clothes which occurred directly after the Cuban war. Shortly after the battle of Santiago, the fight which made Dooley as well as Schley famous, Dunne was working as an editorial writer for the Chicago paper to which, for several years past, he had contributed the Dooley philosophy at an advanced pay of \$10 per week. Davis had gone to war as a correspondent for Dunne's paper, and it happened that the Philosopher of Archery Road was the man who read his copy before it went to press. This Davis correspondence was written in the New Yorker's most irritatingly egotistical style. It exuded the pronoun I from start to finish, and was replete with valuable suggestions to the American Government, telling how the campaign would be brought to a speedy close were Richard Harding Davis at the head of the Yankee forces. In fact, the bulk of the copy was more in the nature of a pro-Davisite editorial than of a newsy write-up of war conditions, and the more of this stuff Dunne read the more prejudiced he became against the Davis personality. Davis, in fact, became one of his pet bugbears, and it became a common proverb in Chicago newspaper circles that if Davis ever appeared in Dunne's sanctum there would be hair flying all over Chicago.

As late decreed it, Dunne was one of the first men whom Davis sought upon his return from Cuba. The editorial writer had been a stranger unto fame a few months before, but during Davis' absence the Dooley utterances had become a great voice in the land. So when Davis came to Chicago he went lion-hunting, and sought the trail of the Irishman. There was a visible catching of breath in the Journal office when the war correspondent called and asked to be introduced to the man who wrote Mr. Dooley. He was, however, led into Dunne's sanctum; and when he entered he found Dunne in his sleeves hard at work over a pile of copy. "How do you do, Mr. Dunne," said Davis; "I'm Davis." "Very well, Mr. Davis," replied the humorist, scarcely glancing up from his writing. "I'll be through with this in a minute." "Take a chair." "But I'm Richard Harding Davis," said the other. "Certainly," replied Dunne, still writing. "Won't you have a seat?" After Dunne had scribbled for some minutes he gave his copy to a boy and turned on his visitor. "What can I do for you?" he asked. "I'm Richard Harding Davis," repeated Davis, as one who gives a pass-word. "Yes," said Dunne, "and why am I honored by this visit?" "Well," said Davis, "I had the pleasure of reading your brilliant stuff while in Cuba, and do you know, from your writing I received an entirely erroneous opinion of your personality?" "Yes?" urged Dooley. "Yes," said Davis; "I imagined that you were a raw-boned Irishman with a red fringe under your chin, hands like hams, a blue flannel accent and a red flannel shirt." "Well, Mr. Davis," said Dunne, quietly, "since you have gone out of your way to be so candid, I might as well be candid, too, and tell you that, from reading your writings, I also have received a false impression of your general appearance. By the general sound of the stuff which you sent from Cuba here I concluded that you must be a young person in a pink shirt waist."

## PUBLIC OPINION

### KEEPING IT HOMELIKE.

The President's "quiet summer of peaceful repose" at Oyster Bay has begun with two rival receptions, red fire, a luncheon with invited guests, a season of tennis, a rousing church service and several wild horseback rides over the hills.—Denver Times.

### WISE TO WAIT.

Senator Hanna is expected at Oyster Bay. The young Roosevelts, however, are believed to have used up all their torpedoes on the Fourth.—Atlanta Journal.

### READY TO SPREAD CARNAGE.

Mr. Bryan is prepared to shed the last drop of ink in the office of the Commoner before he will allow himself to be reorganized.—Detroit Free Press.

### ALL READY TO ATTACK.

One of these days Mr. Schwab may find that the steel corporation, among its varied commodities, also carries a line of tin cans.—Kansas City Star.

### CAN SOON STAND ANYTHING.

King Peter is getting so used to it that they don't have to revive him with cold water any more when a door slams.—Chicago Record-Herald.

### THE ONLY PAGE THAT ISN'T FUNNY.

Bryan has started a humorous department in his newspaper. How does he differentiate it from the rest of the paper?—Philadelphia Ledger.

### SPAIN'S DEEP SEA NAVY.

Alfonso of Spain will revive the Spanish fleet soon. Is this to be a submarine function?—Philadelphia Ledger.